



DCS * FIGHT SHOW
DANCE * PERFORMANCE
EAGLE'S AUDITORIUM

THE ENTERTAINER
AND THE ENTERTAINED
THE SAME

2.50 for **2** ADMISSION
or ENROLLMENT

THE MASTER
AND THE
NOVICE
THE SAME
THE GIVING AND THE TAKING
THOU ART THAT

JOHN SPELLMAN
IN MEMORIUM
WAKE IN THE AFTERNOON
2-5 PM COWEN PARK

WARRIORS' WILLOW

SHOCK!Z

MEMBER:
UPS.

NO. 3

NO. 3

MAY 1967

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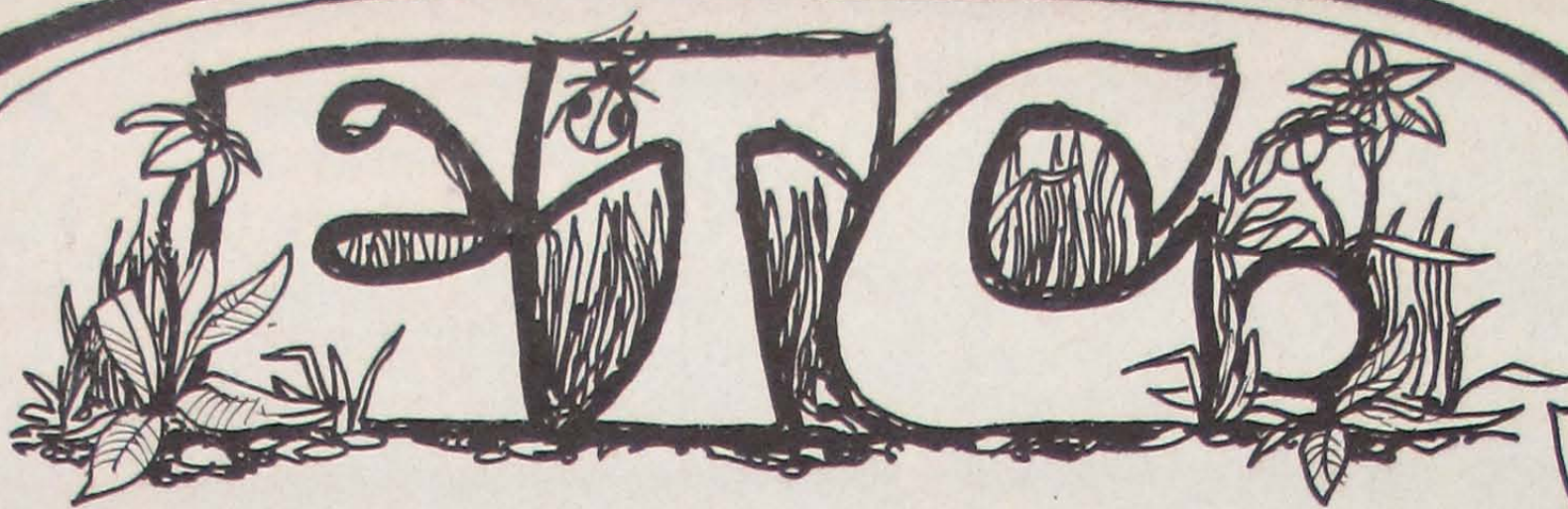
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WALT CROWLEY

AND THERE WAS LIGHT



The problem is feeling "out of it." Desperate. As if you had lost something. When an aging man comes to a dance afraid. If he is powerful - his officious patronizing gestures struggling - he still feels "out of it." He does not feel safe. He reacts, if he has the power, with a practiced petty violence. He orders the dance to stop.

The Public Safety Building is primarily for the safety of police. They are, unfortunately, not where it's at. Regarding drugs they are misled by perpetuating fictions, again for the protection of their own fantasies. They, then, feed one magic corporate body thoughts that are safe to think. Magic food. From the body - into the body.

They play games without knowing that it is games they are playing. The cops and robbers game: They need each other. Uncle Sam's war machinery and the Yellow Horde - the Oriental Juggernaut - need each other. They give each other tips. The Yalta Conference. The being conscious of the need is "something else." Its emancipating. You know you are deeply involved in a game of universal dependence. Its the humble irony that the men and children you found yourself hating are the same ones you need. Slowly you learn to love. The giving and the taking. "Thou art that." Then the entertainer and the entertained are the same. And the teacher and the taught. And the servant and the served. We take turns on top.

Arbitrary power misses this. It misses something. It is "out of it." From servant of the people to protector of the public morals.... i.e. telling them what they better damn well do, believe & prefer.

The Dance Detail.... Division of the Vice Squad. Wined and dined by promoters for favors. Men too long at one job. A hang-up.

The Free University has contested the arbitrary use of power: blind power. Nothing to win but the right to dance when one needs too and wants too. No one to wine and dine. Nothing to compromise the gracious uselessness of a tea - party. The promoters plump yet unsated sit on the side waiting to see what will happen. They wait and see at a distance, and they will pick it up.

And political hypocrisy. What a bad press. Everyone has now laughed at the 1929 dance ordinance. An ordinance arbitrarily conceived, arbitrarily interpreted, and arbitrarily enforced. What the politicians had not counted on is a generation of "kids" who know how the law will be used hypocritically, who see how the games are played, and who will actually do something about it. The police and the council will not be allowed to put the responsibility for their blunders where it does not reside: in some old ordinance.

They are afraid of unhinging their minds. "unhinging" We know why they are afraid of sexy books.

The Seattle police calls the Bellevue police calls the real estate office evicts the DELAYS for the third time.

Wait for the UDM affidavits. Next week.

For those in Bellevue the subject --- police harras.....

Not all of the police. Some of them. Usually the most powerful. The ones who confuse their sullen fantasies with their prerogatives.

Not all of the council. Some of them. (Carroll, I've researched, can be fair.)

A light show can get people dancing who hadn't been dancing. So Parkin got up tight. He was, again, "out of it." "missing something." That is plainly a terrible feeling. He shook.

It was not pretty.

The BE-IN. No money, and everyone danced.

The FREE U was prepared to go to court. But not it seems, as of today, thursday the 4th, that chief RAMON has indicated to WEST that he would not be refused a DANCE license if he applies for the OCS. (That, of course, is the deadly serious OVERALL COOPERATIVE STRUCTURE.) We shall see. The dance is next sunday... the 7th. Many of us were going to dance to get busted. Presumably the FREE U. will also now be able to get a dance license. The police knew they would not win this one..... but have they learned that it's a game they're playing? The COUNCIL knew that they had already lost. The COUNCIL is elected. The POLICE are hired. Why should two institutions that so ape one another be treated differently. The POLICE need more of a review board than one whose personal is composed of Police Officers, Old FBI DIRECTORS, Bank Vice Presidents and etceteras. But surely the POLICE need a sense of humor.... a gentle and humble sense of irony. They must learn to let others decide for themselves what is pleasurable and painful.... for themselves. They must quite hiring men who will tell them what they want to hear. They must remember that they are in the frightening position of potentially wanting crime because they are in the business of finding it. Ticket quotas. The not so subtly insidious "task" of finding the guilty one. We are all guilty.

BANANA ED, my beloved friend, insists that we should get rid of the police and institute LOVE PATROLS. (read the latest BARB) ED DENSON has a sense of humor.

EMMETT WATSON has a sense of humor. And a humble one. He is splendidly dependent on all the circulation of this city. WATSON does not patronize he enjoys. The TIMES is "sober steadfast and demure." The PI is split. IT is a place where things at least have a chance of happening.

All news is managed news. The PRESS must understand this. The medium does the marshaling. It is when the variety of management typical of police compulsions gets plugged into the press that the press becomes a PR thing for the establishment. Then weird things happen. Like HIPPIE INVASIONS. Like the DELAY'S eviction being known by the TIMES before the DELAYS know about it. All news is arty. The Press deludes itself if it thinks it can reduce problems and issues to "the facts." Like Carmichael said; you talk to Whites about police harrasment and you have to have evidence. You talk to BLACKS and you "communicate." Dear Editor: The world is not made of affidavits.

A SWITCH. One is not normally guilty until proven so. We are all guilty. We have been robbed of life and we feel small. Some then will not allow others to feel bla with life. They will stop it.

What are the "FACTS" of WAR. Nothing so much as repulsion. In lieu of a last frontier we dominate people. Turn lights off and on - not people. Unless they wish it. HUMBLE IRONY: Wessailius imagining himself in hippie "costume" Imagining himself in plainclothes.

HUMBLE IRONY: Its bigger than both of us baby. An invitation to come out at night with the stars... the city lights... the bee's and the silence inbetween. All things are seperated by a space that bears a "pure tension." A space between two dancers. Whether seen or unseen.



POUNDAGE & NISSAN IS NOW

THE SUNDAY PICTORIAL

CHAINED TO A 1929 ORDINANCE, LIVING PREY TO LAME DUCKS... THE LIGHT BRINGERS FALL

HUBRIS PUNISHED

NO LIGHT SHOW

THE LIGHT BRINGERS FALL



1 STARRING BY REPORTS, PUBLIC ACCLAIM ATTENDING COLORED PATTERNS IN NEW DISPLAYS OF THE KIRK-LAND, THE FREE U.S. ACADEME THUMBED FORTH WITH DISPATCH TO OBTAIN OFFICIAL LICENSE FOR THE EVENT.

3 THE DANCE WAS HELD IN EAGLES AUDITORIUM COMPLEMENTED BY, YES, A LIGHT SHOW AND A SQUAD OF RENT-A-FUZZ (NO. 1), ON LEAVE FROM THE REGULAR FORCE

4 THE DANCE DETAIL... D. PARKIN AND W. LARKIN... ON LEAVE FROM AN OLD R. REAGAN FLICK... SOFT-SHOED IN AND PROCEEDED TO TRY MUCH HARDER. LARKIN REQUESTED THAT ONE LIGHT BULB BE ADDED TO THE STROBE AND PROJECTOR LIGHT LEVEL. IT TOOK TURNING ON 20 AND UNSCREWING 19 TO COMPLY. UNFORTUNATELY PARKIN SHUFFLED OVER MID-WAY THROUGH THE OPERATION....

4 OR 2 OR 3 WEEKS LATER DORMAT AGAIN GOES DOWN TO APPLY FOR A LICENSE. THE WIZARD OF DANCE IS VERY UNHAPPY LAST TIME; HE DENIES THE REQUEST, NOW FOR "ATTRACTING MORAL DEGENERATES."

6 THE SUMMIT DORMAT & ROBIN & THE BIG GUYS MEET THE COUNCIL & COPS THERE IS MUCH TO BE COMMUNICATED, NONE OF WHICH IS.

INFINITY-PROPRIETED OF THE EAGLES HALL OF WAS IMPRESSED BY THE WELL ORDERED PATRONS



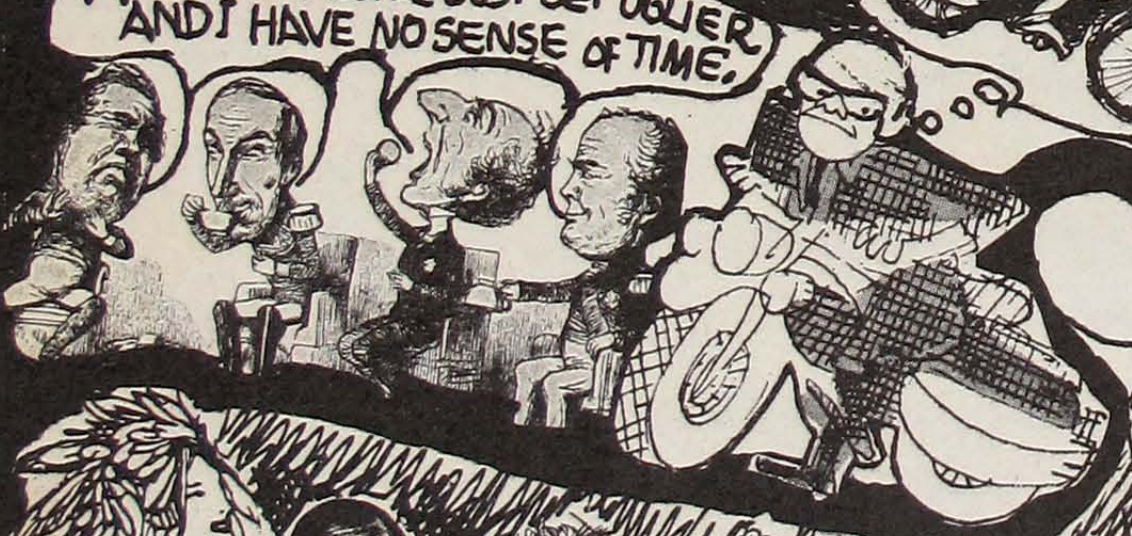
HIPPIES SIGHT THEY DON'T DRINK

7 HEART-BROKEN, DORMAT GOES TO TELL DON MONTE DE ABO-RIDGE AND ADVISE: OUR BIG GUYS, AND SOLID CITIZENS BOTH. THE SET OFF TO TALK TO THE MAN, BUT A LAW-ARRIVING BY FASTER THAN LIGHT STROBOSCOPE-- ACCIDENTLY PASSES THE TIME BARRIER AND 40 YEARS BEFORE THE WORLDS FIRST LIGHT SHOW, HAS BAKED THEM WITH THE NAMES "SHADOW AND MOON- LIGHT DANCES." F.L. GAUNTLETS & VISORS FALL!



AND NOW PEOPLE JUST GET UGLIER, AND I HAVE NO SENSE OF TIME.

9 CITY PERMIT DENIED, THE NEXT LIGHTSHOW WAS PLANNED FOR OUT OF TOWN. THE VASA BALLROOM. THE COUNCIL WERE INVITED TO ATTEND. THE POLICE TELEPHONED AN RSVP-- CALLED THE COUNT SHERRIFF WHO PRIORITIZED & INFORMED HIM THAT OFF-DUTY DEPUTIES WOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO AFFAIR. WE WILL BUT SAY, THE.



10 THE MOONLIGHT LAW DOES NOT APPLY AT THE U.S. SO THE LIGHTSHOW WAS MOVED TO CAMPUS. THERE WOULD BE NO RENTAL, "THAT'S GOOD." BUT THERE WOULD BE A SLIGHT SERVICE CHARGE... "THAT'S BAD." WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE A MATTER OF \$400. "THAT'S A HELL!" THE BANDS GOT A HELL OF A LIFE!



JOHN G. ST. CITY COUNCIL POLICE MARY J. WALSH GRAPHICS (WITH AID OF SEA TITL) AND HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY

6 ABOVE ARE SCENES & SHOW. AND THE FOLLOWING PERSONALITIES FROM ATTENDING COUNCIL COMMENT: YOU CAN'T THE MISTAKES IN THE LIGHT-SHOW SCENE-- HELIX SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO

YOU CAN'T THE MISTAKES IN THE LIGHT-SHOW SCENE-- HELIX SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO

WE HAVE SEEN A LIGHT IN THE SKY ABOVE THIS PLACE: TURN IT OFF!

"... the police ... proceeded to go to a local Catholic girls' school and order the strobe turned off." See Sunday Pictorial, Frame 13

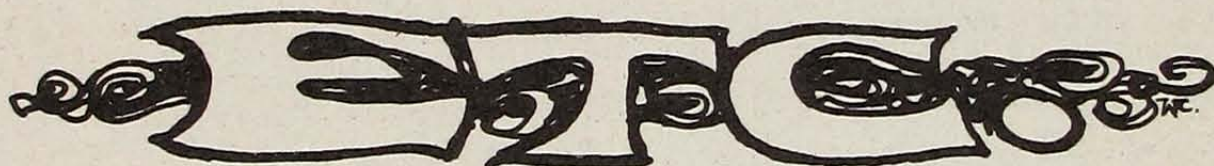
It was a black day in the annals of American Law Enforcement. The Irish Catholic cop has, with the rest of the Irish -- quaint shanties, lace curtains, Studs and all -- been assimilated; and the police force is in the hands of the philistines. Officers Mose Polaski and James Deutchmeir -- the first a reputed black liberal, the other from Oakland -- stormed the Our Lady of the Circumcision convent last Friday during a simulated sacramental strobe show and plague dance, bludgeoning nuns like Commodore Perry bowling with penguins.

Hopelessly outnumbered (the two were followed by hundreds of slaving dogs and Dance Men in trucks), the courageous Mother Superior, Soeur Sou' Sans Merde, counterattacked with rosary and ruler, bellowing "Domenic fit les Albigenes." But the odds were too great, and again the secular city triumphed.

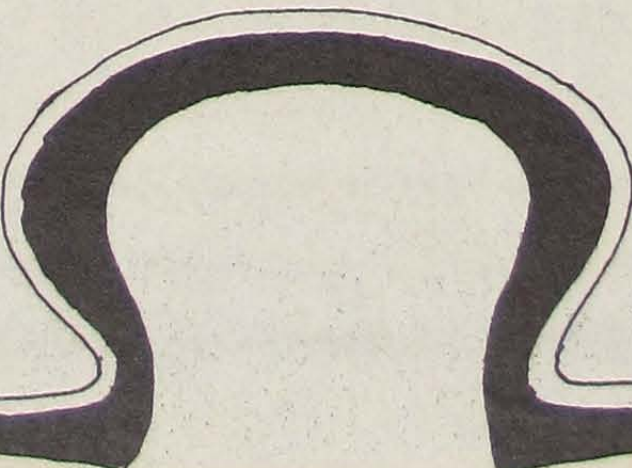
As innocent young girls wept, ninety-three bulls nailed the Mother Superior to the church door and the lead guitarist sustained a stone 12 minutes Passage From Carmina Burana. The light company had nothing exactly appropriate for the occasion, but worked Frankenstein and Mighty Mouse for all they were worth.

Finally: the lights altered and the incense doused, the police cast lots for the robe of Souer Sou' Sans Merde (a few -- obviously excited past the point of endurance -- began pitching pennies for the young ladies' nylons, but it soon died down. The Irish have been assimilated). . . . Truce Reigned: the guitarist, pumped with niacin and tranqs, slowed to a gentle wabash cannonball; the gardener -- a japanese with a prominent foreskin -- was accepted by both sides as mediator; the girls set to cleaning off the door with stray nylons, and the Mother Superior was filled with hot sand for possible future use as a relic.

Future dances on Our Lady's Grounds have been banned, and a good thing too.



A host of four thousand -- young and old, hippy and straight -- forgot most of their differences and grooved together at the Chief Seattle Flower Potlatch & Isness-In Volunteer Park. They listened, they looked, and they moved. . . . SUNDAY April 30 came on mild and sunny and with not enough wind to fly a few paisley kites. That afternoon musicians, people in all kinds of costumes and flowers and business suits and jeans and playclothes began to collect around the Park Dept. concert platform where flower-horn amplifiers and drum sets and guitars were being set up. Up the slope a couple with a home barbeque gave shishkabobs to children of all ages until they gave out. My little daughter ran up with the radiant news, "Daddy, they're giving these away, go get one." . . . THE SEATTLE tribes of all colors and ages were a mix of humans who were mostly smiling, giving things to each other. A few were not. Some were lonely, and one said she did not enjoy it as much as she wanted; everyone seemed somehow lost in all this. Everyone was greeting friends -- why did they not greet strangers? Why did I not greet a stranger? Why did she not make contact with a loner? The reason, not an excuse, is that there were so many people, so many experiences, that it was impossible to plan one's actions in advance. One simply acted or interacted. . . . DANCING. The Clockwork Orange, the Crome Syrcus, the Blues Feedback, the Right Angle, the Blues Interchange, and the Farm filled the top of Capitol Hill with new sounds; rock and blues sounds are not the same as two years ago or one year ago or even six months back. Electronic guitar sounds are coming closer to oriental sounds. It is music that is the new American pop music and is accessible to all. . . . DANCING. Someone passed out a long plastic braided rope that collected dancers who threaded a sinuous way amongst the crowd, who opened for them without even knowing it. . . . DANCING. A topless girl danced on the stage, age 9, with other children. . . . DANCING. A soul brother with beads took a U. S. Marine wearing a raincoat aside and gave him dancing lessons for one hour. The man in uniform tried desperately with set expressionless face but never swung. The spade did not turn away, never lost his love. . . . DANCING. Couples, individuals, doing their body motions with or across the music. . . . DANCING. Peoples' eyes, heads, smiles dancing as they watched a beautiful white kid goat frolic on the end of a slack leash: the symbol of innocence, youngness, beauty, new growth. . . . IT WAS casually mentioned over the public address system near the end that each one should pick up 13 pieces of paper. After the dancing, Volunteer Park was left a cleaner piece of public property than on regular Sundays. The police flew the helicopter over once, sent a few plainclothesmen with faint scowls, and otherwise cooled it. . . . DANCING. At the end a few with a conga and a tambourine and some wooden flutes continued good sounds under the great maple tree, half-leaved out, in a final circle of those who couldn't leave yet. . . . THE HOST of four thousand souls went their ways, a few unhappy or unaffected, most knowing they had spent a day in more . . . DANCING in the ears. Late first program on KRAB and played the way it is.





We, all of us, have a need to identify our bodily rhythms with those of the cosmos. The wind in a forest of fir. The spilling of grain in the fields. The migration of bird & seed. The trek of atom & star.

That is why we dance.

Dance began as a co-ordination of motor impulses with universal energies which man only instinctively perceived. It developed into a playful Dionysian rite designed to help man get outside of himself, or rather, to get outside of the ego so that he might discover the self.

Dance is a fundamental human need. To deny that need is to become hostile, neurotic & menopausal. Everyone should dance everyday. Dance at a discotheque. Dance in your living room. Dance in bed. Stick flowers in in your typewriter & dance at the office. Dance at the supermarket with a smoking banana in your teeth. Dance in the streets. Dance in church. "Dance beneath a diamond sky with one hand waving free."

Shiva danced to release the countless souls of men from the snare of illusion. The Hopi danced in the desert & made rain. Muhammad Ali danced at the Houston induction center in his shorts & socks. To arrest a human being for dancing is in itself an immoral act. A law which prohibits dancing is a crime against man & a sin against God. ¶ Dance. Next time you are at a light show be especially sure to dance. So dance. Dance & if you should ever be arrested for dancing, dance in the paddy wagon. Dance in your jail cell & dance in court. Maybe the judge will dance with you.

The place of the dance is within the heart.

To dance is to love again.

THOU ART THAT

